It was the practice amongst the local people of Madras to appear in all sorts of fantastically masked designs on the occasion of the Mohurrum festival, lighting the mock fights with swords, daggers, lathies and so forth, for public entertainment. The very first in the performance came the little youngster I have mentioned before, dancing and posing, perfectly in time, to the beat of tom-toms, going round and round, as if he were already a grown-up man. I could not, however, help feeling a bit curious who this little jot of a fellow might be, who had learnt so well and at so young an age to keep time in his poses, I advanced a few steps forward and asked one of them whose son the youngster could be, thinking that he was very likely one of our Warder's sons, some of whom,. 1 thought, appeared in the masquerade. The masker that I approached seemed not to hear me at first and said, "Can't hear you**. When I asked him again, he answered *[4]God"; and wanted me not to trouble him with any more questions, I could not, however,

understand'
his meaning clearly, but one thing very peculiar
I noticed when I went to inquire. It was that
tliough I approached quite near the masker and